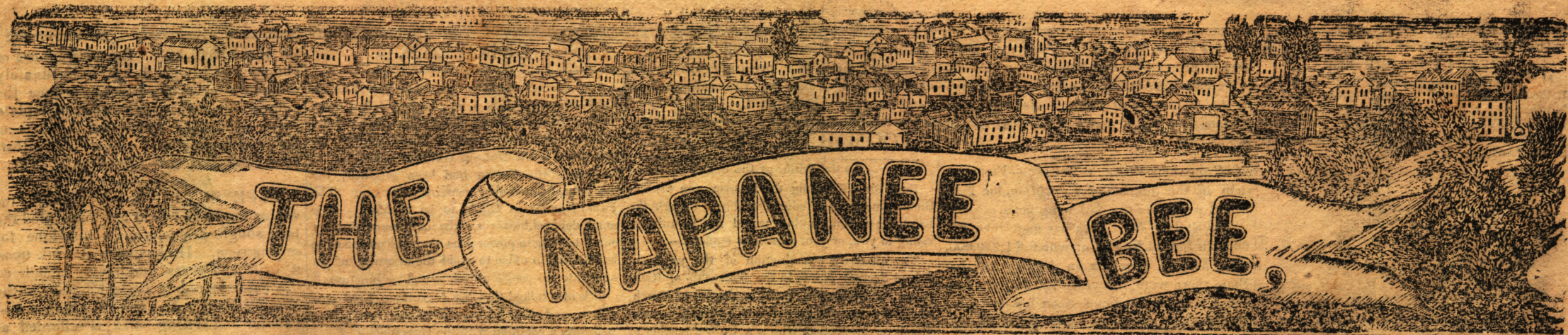




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## POETRY.

### Temperance.

"The circumstances which induced the writing of the following touching and thrilling lines, are as follows: A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a fanatic on the subject of Temperance—whereupon she wrote the following:—

Go feel what I have felt,  
Go bear what I have borne,  
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,  
And the cold world's proud scorn,  
Then suffer on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,  
Implore, beseech, and pray;  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay;  
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,  
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,  
O'er a loved father's fall!  
See every promised blessing swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way,  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,  
Behold the strong man bow—  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow;  
Go, catch his withering glance, and see  
There mirror'd, his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,  
And her crushed bosom cheer;  
Thine own deep anguish hide—  
Wipe from her cheek that tear;  
Mark her worn frame and withered brow—  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—  
With fading frame and trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth,—  
But who, forsworn, had yielded up  
That promise to the cursed cup;  
And led her down, through love and light,  
And all that made our prospect bright;  
And chained her there, mid want and strife,  
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife;  
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,  
That withering blight—the drunkard's child!

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,  
All that my soul has felt and known,  
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone—  
Think if its flavor you will try,  
When all proclaim: "tis drink and die!"

Tell me I HATE the bowl—  
Hate, is a feeble word;  
I hate—ABHOR—my very soul  
With stong disgust is stirred,  
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,  
Of the dark BEVERAGE OF HELL.

### The Smuggler; or Humphrey Jackman's Last Trip.

BY THE REV. J. ABBOT.

On they went, the law breaker and the law defenders, and a goodly race it was and for a goodly stake too. Uncle Humphrey's team was famed throughout all the country-side for speed and bottom, and the excise man had taken pains to secure for that express occasion the swiftest horse he could obtain in all P—.

On they went at a fiery gallop. The smuggler and the cutter having distanced the other sleighs had the race all to themselves; but after a mile or so, the weight of the smuggler's load, or the superior bottom of the excise man's horse began to tell, for the distance between them was rapidly decreasing, and anon the cutter got close up to the sleigh, when the officer called upon Humphrey to stop, but he only answered by applying the whip to his horses and giving them an exclamation of encouragement.

Perceiving that it was the smuggler's determination to persist to the last, the officer urged his horse to his utmost speed and succeeded in getting abreast of the old man, but the latter even then, when his adversary was at his side, did not seem to take the slightest notice of him, but pushed on without once looking behind him.

"Now, Tim!" whispered the officer to his companion "now's your time!" and the man making a spring out of the cutter threw himself on the loaded sleigh behind the smuggler, shouting as he did so, "Hurrah! now we have him!"

But his triumph was short. Old Humphrey was roused at last. Now was the time for action, and well did he use it. Dropping his reins upon his load and turning round, but without stopping his horses or slackening their speed, as the Irishman sprang at him, he bent his head without rising, and seizing him with both arms round the legs, he jerked him over the side of the sleigh head first upon the glare ice, with such violence as to render him completely senseless. Then raising his heavy whip he struck the officer's horse, which had fallen slightly behind, such a blow on the head as prostrated him beside the discomfited Irishman.

Almost frantic with the excitement of the chase, and enraged at his disappointment in thus losing his prey when he had him all but within his grasp, the excise man got up his horse as soon as possible, and again started in pursuit of the smuggler, leaving his man to be picked up by the other sleighs as they came along after him. He soon overtook him, but having now obtained the land where the road was narrow and the snow deep, it was almost impossible to pass or even to get abreast of him; and Humphrey being aware of this slackened his pace to a good round trot.

Again the officer hailed him to stop, but no no ice whatever was taken of his summons; and exasperated by the pertinacity of the smuggler, he, as a last resource drew a pistol from his pocket and told him to stop, or he would bring him up with a vengeance. But Humphrey Jackman was not the man to be intimidated by such a threat.

"You know me!" said he, turning round at last to comfort his pursuer "and if you shoot a horse of mine, why I am counted a pretty good shot out our way; and if you want to speak to me 'I am going to pull up at the 'Corners,' five miles on and no man living shall stop me before that."

So saying, he turned on his load, and did not even deign to look at his antagonist for a moment to see in what manner his very significant speech had been received.

Twice did the angry and baffled officer raise the deadly weapon and cover the flank of one of the smuggler's gallant grays when he got a fair sight at a turn in the road. But Jackman was well known to be a daring and determined man and now that the stake was great and his blood was up, there was no saying to what length his passion might carry him; so thinking it more prudent to wait till they should reach the "Corners," he showed no further disposition to arrest his progress.

By the time they arrived at the tavern, the party had been increased by the coming up of the two sleighs which had been left behind far at the headlong commencement of the chase, but had overtaken them owing to the more moderate pace at which, for the last four or five miles, they had been traveling.

The whole party simultaneously broke out into triumphant exclamations as they saw the heretofore indomitable smuggler give up the contest without another effort and drive quietly into the shed.

The officer proceeded instantly to make a formal seizure in the king's name of the team and load; he had been too well informed of the nature of its contents to think for a moment of examining them—While Humphrey was coolly busying himself in fastening his horses and pro-

viding them with a little hay and a warm covering. The latter from their heated state was much needed. He did not utter a single word, till one of the men, clapped him on the back jeeringly said to him, "well, uncle, when are you a going to give us another chance like this?"

"Better see," he replied, as he turned an ambiguous and contemptuous smile towards his load; "better see what you've got this time, lad."

"What's that!" exclaimed the officer, his suspicions, already aroused by the apathy and unconcerned air and manner of the smuggler, becoming all but confirmed by his sneering and contemptuous remark; and springing to the sleigh, he tore open the first bag he could get hold of, and thrust in his hand, but instantly drew it out again with a deep oath.

Uncle Humphrey laughed outright at the rage and disappointment of the keen and cunning little officer, the more especially when he heard him exclaim to his companions:—

"By heavens, men we are done, with a vengeance! here is nothing but chopped straw! But empty all the bags," he continued, "and see if there is nothing else in them."

The bags were instantly thrown out of the sleigh and emptied on the snow; but not a grain of the contraband article was there. The officers and men looked at one another for an instant with blank countenances. At length one of them remarked, that he would have other teams coming on with the tea, and they had better hasten back as rapidly as possible.

"Old Humphrey is not the man to make such a blunder," replied the officer as to leave us a single chance now of finding his tea. No, no! I'll warrant you it is as safe by this time as the most secret recesses in some of the most respectable merchants stores in P—can make it.

No wonder, by the way, that a poor, ignorant, half-educated man, like Uncle Humphrey Jackman—or a common, labouring farmer, young and inexperienced, like his nephew Frank Harris,—should think lightly of the crime of smuggling, or hardly consider it a crime at all, when Squire Higgins himself, magistrate and a church-warden,—and Major McPhaul, looking forward to the command of the 2d Battalion of militia, and an Elder besides,—and Fairbrothers & Co., one of the leading partners in which firm was a class-leader—I say, when such men as these, the first merchants in the town of P—, had, without a blush on their self-satisfied countenances, or a stain upon their fair fame, become particeps criminis with the smuggler, by purchasing his contraband goods at a cheaper rate than they could have got them elsewhere, and thereby becoming also partakers of the smugglers' profits, as they certainly had an undoubted right to do. Honour among thieves!

The officer knew all this, as well as the reader knows it now, so that he was not libelling the old hardened hypocrites, when he said what he did about the tea being safe in their stores. There was no harm, however, in acceding to his man's suggestion—they had to return at any rate; so, leaving old Humphrey to gather up his empty bags, he turned his horse, and followed by the two sleighs, drove rapidly back in the direction of P—; and when they got there, the whole town was in a state of the most perfect repose, and not a trace of the tea was to be found.

Frank Harris went to bed that night with a lighter heart than had been his for many a long and weary day.

Not so with the uncle. He had been an habitual smuggler, it is true, in his younger days, but had long ago given it up, not from a thorough conviction of its criminality; that had yet to be effected by a simple country girl, despite the influential examples of magistrates, church-wardens, elders, and class-leaders; but from a belief, rather ill-defined than otherwise, that although not very wrong, it was not exactly right. These misgivings,—which have before been adverted

to, notwithstanding the success of his present adventure, and his triumph over the excise officer, still more consoling,—made his pillow an uneasy one, and kept him awake for more than half the remaining portion of that eventful night, and he resolved once more never to engage in smuggling again.

A certain place is said to be paved with good resolutions; and although some remains of one of Uncle Humphrey's may be found there, not entirely obliterated by his nephew's distress, yet, I defy the utmost malignity of the dark spirit itself, that presides over it, to point out the other.

The young man's reflections, when he awoke in the morning, with the bright sun shining through his bedroom window full upon his face, were very similar to those of his uncle. One and both had been hurried, as it were, into the act by a single and all-absorbing consideration—the relief of his distressing exigencies. If they had been unfortunate in their enterprise, ten to one they had ever thought of anything but their failure; but success led to reflection, and reflection—through the instrumentality of Fanny Reynolds, who had been brought up under the advantage, the inestimable advantage, of a pious mother's instruction—led to conviction; but we are anticipating.

The proceeds of Humphrey Jackman's last trip proved to be more abundant than even the sanguine hopes of the young man had anticipated; and before a month had elapsed a large and merry party were assembled to celebrate the nuptials of Frank Harris and the girl of his heart.

Were my tale a mere fiction, the wedding would be its natural and appropriate conclusion; but truth compels me to add, that both uncle and nephew, although their object had been accomplished, were anything but satisfied with their conduct in this nefarious transaction.

"It's not right, Frank! it's not right!" the old man would shake his head and say to his nephew, when they were working together in the field by themselves. "I had frequently been guilty of smuggling before," he would add, on such occasions, "but they seized a pair of horses of mine worth as much or more than all I'd made, and my conscience cried quits with them, and I gave it up; but this last offence,—I'm not easy in my mind about it,—Frank, I cannot sleep o' nights for thinking on't. It's the devil's wages, Frank, and can never come to good."

Frank's feelings were an exact transcript of his uncle's; but what could he do,—make restitution? The money was sunk and not at his command. He tried to borrow it on a mortgage on his farm, but could not succeed. At length, some three or four years subsequent to his marriage, his wife's father died, and left him ample means to make restitution and he did make it, with interest thereon, to the utter astonishment of their bewildered friend, the collector of customs, and to the infinite joy and satisfaction of his good old uncle.

The events in this little history occurred many long, long years ago; but, at the time I am writing, Humphrey Jackman is still living in the enjoyment of a hale old age, and may be seen any cold winter's evening by the fireside of his nephew, with three or four rosy little cherubs climbing about his knees, and highly honoured and loved is the old man, as the author of all the domestic enjoyments of that now happy family. But not a word has ever been whispered, nor perhaps ever will be, and it is just as well that it should not, concerning Humphrey Jackman's "last trip."

### An Irreverent sparrow.

Amongst other experiments going on some time ago in the Observatory enclosure, were some by which Mr. Glaisher sought to discover how much warmth the earth lost during the hours of night, and how much moisture the air would take

up in the day from a given surface. Upon the long grass within the dwarf fence were placed all sorts of old substances in little distinct quantities. Ashes, wood, father, linen, cotton, glass, lead, copper, and stone, amongst other things, were there to show how each affected the question of radiation. Close by, upon a post, was a dish, six inches across, in which every day there was punctually poured one ounce of water, and at the same hour next day as punctually was this fluid re-measured to see what had been lost by evaporation. For three years this latter experiment had been going on, and the results were posted up in a book; but the figures gave most contradictory results. There was either something very irregular in the air, or something very wrong in the apparatus. It was watched for leakage, but none was found when one day Mr. Glaisher stepped out of the magnet-house, and, looking toward the stand, the mystery was revealed. The evaporating dish of the philosopher was being used as a bath by an irreverent bird!—a sparrow was scattering from his wings the water left to be drunk by the winds of heaven. Only one thing remained to be done; and the next minute was a pen run across the tables that it had taken three years to compile. The labor was lost—the work had to be begun again.

INCONSTANCES.—A famous portrait of St. Peter represents him holding a bunch of keys, every one of which is on a modern plan, and marvellously like the Church keys now in use. Within the past three or four years, a popular religious Magazine was embellished with a plate representing the departure of the Pilgrims from a harbor in Holland, and among the shipping in the harbor was a steamboat in full blast. One of the last instances, is that of the showman, who was exhibiting a picture of Daniel in the Lion's den. He said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, there is Daniel in the den of Lions. These are the Lions and that is Daniel, whom you will easily distinguish from the Lions, by his having a blue cotton umbrella under his arm.—*Kingston News.*"

AN ILLINOIS MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.—correspondent of the New York "Spirit of the Times," writing from "Copperas Precinct," Illinois, gives the following as among the "rich ones" which his researches among the legal records have brought to light. We give his own language:

"Examining a land title the other day, which involved a question of legitimacy, I stumbled upon the following marriage certificate, which is decidedly too good to be lost, and is literally *bonafide*. The marriage, of which this is the only legal evidence, took place in Copperas Precinct, in this country, in the infancy of the country, or rather in primitive times, and the magistrate ought to be immortalized, whether he ever gets his commission or not. The certificate is in these words:—

State of Illinois, Peoria County, ss.  
To all the world Greeting. Know ye that John Smith and Peggy Myers is hereby certified to go together and do as old folks does, any where inside of Copperas Precinct, and when my commission comes I am to marry em good, and date em back to *kiver accidents*.

O-M-R—, Justice Peace.  
I put the initials only, of the Magistrate, for the reason that this legal luminary is still living, and probably too modest to covet the fame to which he is justly entitled. Don't he deserve a pension, and the unanimous thanks of those interested in the rapid peopling of the State, as well as those who can't wait for commissions?"

Arrangements are in progress for sending to Upper Canada five companies of enrolled pensioners, to be accompanied by a staff officer of the second class, under a Military Superintendent of Pensioners in North America.